

Wichita Daily Eagle

LOVE GROWN GOLD AND DICTATED.

A Fortified Man's Expedition to Cause the Breaking of an Engagement.

The typewriter girl looked up from her machine and remarked to the hotel porter: "I have been playing a very important part in a very interesting romance."

"Oh, you have?"

"Yes, I have."

"What is it about?"

"Love, of course. What do you suppose?"

"And were you one of the principals?"

"Well—yes, I think I did the most important part."

"You see there were four of us?"

"Double wedding?"

"No, not a double wedding; there isn't any wedding yet. Wait. There were four of us—three girls and one young man. The young man lives here. He hasn't been in the city long. He came here from a certain town in Connecticut whose name I won't mention. He is a nice young man and very wealthy, or at least his family back in Connecticut is wealthy. When he came here he was engaged to a young lady in his own home. But he didn't love her. He didn't love any one until he came here."

"And met?"

"Wait a minute! This engagement was one of these family affairs, arranged by the parents of the young folks—you know how such things go—played together as babies romped as children, went to school together, fathers old chums, mothers old schoolmates, both families wealthy, and the young couple became engaged. You know how such things go."

"Oh, yes."

"Well, as I say, this young man didn't love her. After he came here they corresponded. Then the young man met his ideal here in Chicago. He fell in love with her. You can imagine in what a quandary he was placed—already engaged, and then to fall in love. Finally he hit upon a device to break off his engagement and do it honorably. He came to me and dictated a letter to her—an ordinary love letter, just as he had been writing to her. I presume it was hard work and nearly exhausted, and quite overworked me, but I finished it and marked it 'dictated' and he signed his name, and it was posted off to the poor girl down in Connecticut."

"In a few days he came back again and said: 'That woman's work. She just scolded—that's all.' So he dictated another of the same sort. Now you know no girl could endure two dictated typewritten love letters, and so she, being insulted, broke the engagement. And now he is free to marry the girl he loves."

"Which is?"

"A young lady who down the boulevard here. This is the third girl in the affair, you see. And now the story having reached Connecticut, her family is furious and his, I hear, refuse to give him any money whatever."—Chicago Herald.

Save Us from Our Neighbors.

There was a rap at the back door of a New Auburn home where the writer was Wednesday in search of information regarding a matter of public interest, and a very small girl entered with a tin pail.

"Mamma says," said she, "that she guessed your wash'll look like time when it's took in. It's getting all dirt and mud."

The woman made no reply, but turned her attention to the writer.

"And my mamma," continued the little girl with the pail, "said she'd think you'd want to see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

"Yes, child," said the lady of the house. "And mamma says that she wish't me to say to you that there's a blind up on your second story that's flapping and that you can't see to your close red. It's all one-sided and your close hangs in the dirt."

THE YANKEE SAILOR.

FOR A CENTURY HE'S BEEN THE TYPE OF HONOR AND HEROISM.

Captain Schley's Tribute to the World of Charles Riggins, Who Was Slain in the Riot at Valparaiso—Gallant Tars of Other Days.

(Copyright, 1892, by American Press Association.)

TEN THOUSAND miles away from home, in a foreign land and among the dead of a strange people, there is a double grave. In its cold embrace it clasps the bodies of two Americansailors.

A simple marble cross, erected by the officers and crew of the United States cruiser Baltimore, marks the spot where Lieutenant Charles W. Riggins and Seaman William Turnbull sleep the sleep of death.

In my whole career as a sailor I cannot recall to memory a story so dramatic and so sad, a fate so cruel as that of those two men. To be sure, the vocation of a sailor is a glorious one, and from the times of the old Phoenicians down to the present day Jack has been the most constant messenger of civilization. On nearly every page of history we find written, in golden letters, deeds of gallantry and devotion which, for their simple stoic heroism touch the hearts of men. And among the sailors of the world the American stands near the top.

The Riggins and Turnbull episode goes to prove this. Cases in which the commander of a vessel pays such a touching tribute to one of his crew as Captain Schley has paid in his letter to the brother of the murdered boatswain's mate, living at Philadelphia, are very rare in the naval annals of any nation. "It is with feelings of the greatest sorrow," writes the gallant commander from Valparaiso, "that I have to communicate to you the death of your brother, Charles W. Riggins, while on his liberty at this place. His tragic death at the hands of a mob embittered against all Americans has left a wound in the hearts of his shipmates that may not soon heal, and the time will soon come when it will be avenged by all who remember his worth and his genial good manners. I feel more than ordinary sorrow as the commanding officer in being the messenger of such sad intelligence to you, but I can assure you that his name and his worth will not be forgotten so long as honor her record keeps."

After such an eulogy of the dead man it is hardly necessary to add another word of praise.

Riggins evidently was a sailor at heart. He loved the sea above everything. Born on the shores of the Atlantic, he had heard the mysterious voices of the deep call to him from his earliest youth. He was filled with an indefinable longing to roam the ocean beneath the shelter of the stars and stripes. From the day he entered the navy to the day a Chilean mob robbed him of his life he did his duty. All his actions show that his mind was animated with that sturdy determination to excel, which is one of the most glorious and characteristic qualities of the American tar. Who can ever tell what dreams of a great future lay in his sturdy heart and what manly ambitions were buried in the grave where he now rests? On his breast he wore the medal for "Fidelity, Zeal and Obedience." Nay, more; with these qualities he even tried to inspire all around him, and especially his youthful nephew. Always after his return from distant shores he took the child upon his lap and told him tales of the ocean and the strange peoples he had met, and urged him to revere and be loyal to the flag of the great and reunited republic.

Ever since the Declaration of Independence there is not a single incident on record of which I am aware when the American Jack Tar has failed to do his duty. Who can forget Captain

Charles W. Riggins.

I recall the fact that when I was a French sailor lad at the time, just before the outbreak of the civil war, that American Jack Tars were considered the pluckiest and most cool headed men that walked the decks of any ships afloat.

They stood high in the esteem of both the French and English, and it was a common saying that if the "Yankee" could not go through a gale no one else could. In some respects conditions have changed, for the United States merchant marine is not as large now as it was then. But though the deep sea ships have gone, the sailors have not. They will remain as long as the breakers of the Pacific and the Atlantic tumble thundering on the mighty shores of the United States. At present the navy and merchant marines do not offer wide opportunity to American mariners. They much prefer to brave the sea on their own account, either in fishing smacks, in whalers or sealers. But when the country needs them it will find that they are all there, ready to respond to the call. Few nations have such fine material to draw sailors from as the United States. The type of American fisherman who was able to earn his commission in the naval wars of the Union has not yet died out.

The terrible disaster that overtook American and German war vessels before Samoa three years ago is still fresh in the memory of all. On that occasion the seamanship of Yankee sailors received a test which proved them equal to any emergency. It can only be surmised how many more lives would have been lost in that catastrophe but for the courage and pluck displayed in battling against the furious waters and a hurricane the like of which is almost unknown in marine history. How the Nipic was run ashore by Captain Mullen and then saved will never be forgotten, nor can time ever efface the memory of the deeds of Lieutenant R. M. G. Brown, of the Trenton, on that occasion.

F. DE THUMMEL CLOTH, Lieutenant French Naval Reserve.

A Hint from Counterfeiters.

The old "greenback" money gave place, in a measure, some years ago to "brownbacks." The change was made because of the alleged discovery that the brown ink is indecipherable, whereas the green ink is not. A five dollar note recently returned to the National Bank of Rhode Island, however, seems to disprove this theory, as it was a brownback, the back of which had been washed perfectly white. The counterfeiters evidently took this method of delicately suggesting to the government officials that it is an exceedingly difficult matter to outwit them.

An Amicable Arrangement.

"How is it, Uncle Rastus," said a gentleman to a dandy, "that you never married? Aren't you an admirer of the softer sex?"

"I got er dual wunce 'bout a gal, sah," replied Uncle Rastus.

"A duel?"

"Yes, sah; yeahs and yeahs ago. Sam Jackson an myself, we bof lubbed de same gal; we were bof bound to git dis, and de bustin' climaxed in er duel."

"We bof wuh a trifle nervous, sah, ar'stead ob me hitin Sam or Sam hittin me, we brought down a val'ble mule dat wuh standin noah de fence."

"And did you fire again?" asked the gentleman, very much interested.

"No, sah, dat wuh a very val'ble mule, boss, an we bof kinder skeartlike. So we entered into an amicable prearrangement."

"How did you settle it?"

"Sam tuk de gal an greed to pay for de mule, an I hain't lubbed sence!"—Texas Siftings.

Learning Appreciated.

Cultivated Stranger—You advertise for a man who can speak twenty-six languages.

Mr. Stranham—Yes, sir. The position is still open.

"May I ask concerning the matter of its duties?"

"Certainly. I own considerable property in New York, and I want a man to collect the rents."—New York Weekly.

During the civil war the mar Merri-mac was much feared and more than once did she play havoc among the vessels of the north. There is hardly an American who does not know one tale or another of the fight between that frigate and the two United States frigates Cumberland and Congress on March 8, 1862. To and fro swayed the

chances of victory, but the wooden vessels proved no match for the mailed destroyer. Her decks and sides torn open, half her crew killed, the Cumberland finally went down with her flag still flying, but before the waters closed over her forever she sent one more shell growling through the air as a last farewell. It struck the big bow chaser of the Merrimac and carried away the muzzle of the heaviest and most effective gun of the Confederates. The credit for this act of bravery is given to a sailor named Emerson, who coolly fired his gun, although he had a smashed shoulder and arm and the vessel was sinking.

Another instance of recorded bravery is the act of Quarter Gunner Wood, who lost both arms and legs, and on being offered assistance cried out: "Back to your guns, boys! Give 'em fits! Hurrah for the flag!" The defense of the Cumberland deserves place among the bravest and most daring exploits on record in the annals of the naval history of the world. The same fate that swept the Cumberland from the surface of the seas also struck the Congress, which after a gallant struggle went up in flames.

The details of the blowing up of the Confederate vessel Albemarle by Lieutenant Cushing are well known. Of the six men who were on board the little steam launch only Paymaster Francis A. Swan is now alive. Three of the crew were killed, and among them two who helped to fire the spar torpedo which proved so fatal to the Confederate vessel.

On board all these ships there were American sailors whom neither the gales of the seas nor the storms of battles could cause to swerve. They were "on duty" and that sufficed.



CHARLES W. RIGGINS.

I recall the fact that when I was a French sailor lad at the time, just before the outbreak of the civil war, that American Jack Tars were considered the pluckiest and most cool headed men that walked the decks of any ships afloat.

They stood high in the esteem of both the French and English, and it was a common saying that if the "Yankee" could not go through a gale no one else could. In some respects conditions have changed, for the United States merchant marine is not as large now as it was then. But though the deep sea ships have gone, the sailors have not. They will remain as long as the breakers of the Pacific and the Atlantic tumble thundering on the mighty shores of the United States. At present the navy and merchant marines do not offer wide opportunity to American mariners. They much prefer to brave the sea on their own account, either in fishing smacks, in whalers or sealers. But when the country needs them it will find that they are all there, ready to respond to the call. Few nations have such fine material to draw sailors from as the United States. The type of American fisherman who was able to earn his commission in the naval wars of the Union has not yet died out.

The terrible disaster that overtook American and German war vessels before Samoa three years ago is still fresh in the memory of all. On that occasion the seamanship of Yankee sailors received a test which proved them equal to any emergency. It can only be surmised how many more lives would have been lost in that catastrophe but for the courage and pluck displayed in battling against the furious waters and a hurricane the like of which is almost unknown in marine history. How the Nipic was run ashore by Captain Mullen and then saved will never be forgotten, nor can time ever efface the memory of the deeds of Lieutenant R. M. G. Brown, of the Trenton, on that occasion.

F. DE THUMMEL CLOTH, Lieutenant French Naval Reserve.

A Hint from Counterfeiters.

The old "greenback" money gave place, in a measure, some years ago to "brownbacks." The change was made because of the alleged discovery that the brown ink is indecipherable, whereas the green ink is not. A five dollar note recently returned to the National Bank of Rhode Island, however, seems to disprove this theory, as it was a brownback, the back of which had been washed perfectly white. The counterfeiters evidently took this method of delicately suggesting to the government officials that it is an exceedingly difficult matter to outwit them.

An Amicable Arrangement.

"How is it, Uncle Rastus," said a gentleman to a dandy, "that you never married? Aren't you an admirer of the softer sex?"

"I got er dual wunce 'bout a gal, sah," replied Uncle Rastus.

"A duel?"

"Yes, sah; yeahs and yeahs ago. Sam Jackson an myself, we bof lubbed de same gal; we were bof bound to git dis, and de bustin' climaxed in er duel."

"We bof wuh a trifle nervous, sah, ar'stead ob me hitin Sam or Sam hittin me, we brought down a val'ble mule dat wuh standin noah de fence."

"And did you fire again?" asked the gentleman, very much interested.

"No, sah, dat wuh a very val'ble mule, boss, an we bof kinder skeartlike. So we entered into an amicable prearrangement."

"How did you settle it?"

"Sam tuk de gal an greed to pay for de mule, an I hain't lubbed sence!"—Texas Siftings.

Learning Appreciated.

Cultivated Stranger—You advertise for a man who can speak twenty-six languages.

Mr. Stranham—Yes, sir. The position is still open.

"May I ask concerning the matter of its duties?"

"Certainly. I own considerable property in New York, and I want a man to collect the rents."—New York Weekly.

During the civil war the mar Merri-mac was much feared and more than once did she play havoc among the vessels of the north. There is hardly an American who does not know one tale or another of the fight between that frigate and the two United States frigates Cumberland and Congress on March 8, 1862. To and fro swayed